

Message

From: nemedina [REDACTED]
Sent: 1/19/2006 2:07:34 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Fw: THIS IS TOO FUNNY!!

----- Original Message -----

From: [a mclaughlin](#)
To: [Donna Korman](#) ; [Billy Korman](#) ; [Nicole Medina](#)
Sent: Wednesday, January 18, 2006 12:09 AM
Subject: Fw: THIS IS TOO FUNNY!!

----- Original Message -----

From: [Laura O'Brien](#)
To: [a mclaughlin](#) ; [David Stormont](#) ; [Dorrie](#) ; [Elaine Weeden](#) ; [jan](#) ; [Jim Bulu](#) ; [Jodie](#) ; [Julie Dellot](#) ; [LUKE HIRTLE](#) ; [mobrien25](#) ; [Steve Carew](#) ; [Torilynn LePage](#)
Sent: Tuesday, January 17, 2006 6:43 AM
Subject: Fw: THIS IS TOO FUNNY!!

----- Original Message -----

Sent: Monday, January 16, 2006 10:14 AM
Subject: THIS IS TOO FUNNY!!

Lizard Birthing Story

If you have raised kids (or been one), and gone through the pet syndrome including toilet-flush burials for dead goldfish, the story below will have you laughing out LOUD!

Overview: I had to take my son's lizard to the vet.

Here's what happened:

Just after dinner one night, my son came up to tell me there was "something wrong" with one of the two lizards he holds prisoner in his room.

"He's just lying there looking sick," he told me. "I'm serious, Dad. Can you help?"

I put my best lizard-healer statement on my face and followed him into his bedroom. One of the little lizards was indeed lying on his back, looking stressed. I immediately knew what to do.

"Honey," I called, "come look at; "The lizard!" "Oh my gosh," my wife diagnosed after a minute. "She's having babies."

"What?" my son demanded. "But their names are Bert and Ernie, Mom!"

I was equally outraged. "Hey, how can that be? I thought we said we didn't want them to reproduce," I accused my wife.

"Well, what do you want me to do, post a sign in their cage?" she inquired. (I actually think she said this sarcastically!)

"No, but you were supposed to get two boys!" I reminded her, (in my most loving, calm, sweet voice, while gritting my teeth together). Yeah, Bert and Ernie!" my son agreed.

"Well, it's just a little hard to tell on some guys, you know," she informed me. (Again with the sarcasm, you think?)

By now the rest of the family had gathered to see what was going on. I shrugged, deciding to make the best of it.

"Kids, this is going to be a wondrous experience," I announced. "We're about to witness the miracle of birth."

"OH, Gross!", they shrieked.

"Well, isn't THAT just Great! What are we going to do with a litter of tiny little lizard babies?" my wife wanted to know. (I really do think she was being snotty here, too. don't you?)

We peered at the patient. After much struggling, what looked like a tiny foot would appear briefly, vanishing a scant second later.

"We don't appear to be making much progress," I noted.

"It's breech," my wife whispered, horrified.

"Do something, Dad!" my son urged.

"Okay, okay. " Squeamishly, I reached in and grabbed the foot when it next appeared, giving it a gingerly tug. It disappeared. I tried several more times with the same results.

"Should I call 911?" my eldest daughter wanted to know. "Maybe they could talk us through the trauma." (You see a pattern here with the females in my house?)

"Let's get Ernie to the vet," I said grimly.
We drove to the vet with my son holding the cage in his lap.

"Breathe, Ernie, breathe," he urged.

"I don't think lizards do Lamaze," his mother noted to him. (Women can be so cruel to their own young. I mean what she does to me is one thing, but this boy is of her womb, for God's sake.)

The vet took Ernie back to the examining room and peered at the little animal through a magnifying glass.

"What do you think, Doc, a C-section?" I suggested scientifically.

"Oh, very interesting," he murmured. "Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, may I speak to you privately for a moment?"

I gulped, nodding for my son to step outside.

"Is Ernie going to be okay?" my wife asked.

"Oh, perfectly," the vet assured us. "This lizard is not in labor. In fact, that isn't EVER going to happen... Ernie is a boy. You see, Ernie is a young male. And occasionally, as they come into maturity, like most male species, they masturbate. Just the way he did, lying on his back." He blushed, glancing at my wife. "Well, you know what I'm saying, Mr. Cameron."

We were silent, absorbing this.

"So Ernie's just...just...Excited," my wife offered.

"Exactly," the vet replied, relieved that we understood.

More silence. Then my vicious, cruel wife started to giggle. And giggle. And then even laugh loudly.

"What's so funny?" I demanded, knowing, but not believing that the woman I married would

commit the upcoming affront to my flawless manliness. Tears were now running down her face.

"It's just...that...I'm picturing you pulling on its...its...teeny little..." she gasped for more air to bellow in laughter once more.

"That's enough," I warned.

We thanked the Veterinarian and hurriedly bundled the lizards and our son back into the car. He was glad everything was going to be okay.

"I know Ernie's really thankful for what you've done, Dad," he told me.

"Oh, you have NO idea," my wife agreed, collapsing with laughter.

2 - lizards - \$140...

1 - Cage - \$50...

Trip to the Vet - \$30...

Memory of your husband pulling on a lizard's wacker -..... Priceless

I believe There are two kinds of Angels.

Ones that have earned their wings
and are forever imbedded in our hearts.

And there are the wingless ones.

Angels here on earth guiding us through Life